

Seen Unseen



A journey through the mind of a transgender

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Book by-
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A Journey through the mind of a Transgender

Preface

The poems in the book have been inspired from the various stories that were told to me by the transgender people that I encountered. Through the medium of poems and illustrations, I have attempted to capture the essence of the life of a transgender - their emotions, their mindset and their realities as they live on the fringe of our society. The poems here reference only one type of transgender i.e from male to female.



*It matters not what some one is
born, but what they grow to be.*
- Albus Dumbledore



The mirror

It was late in the midnight around 3'clock
His hands switched on the room's light.
The tears of the previous day had gone.
Only the dark circles and the puffiness around.
With red swollen eyes remain.
He went to the mirror to share his worry.
His eyes spoke
of the grief,
the pain,
the hurt,
Of the previous day.

The mirror pleaded him to look away
Or it would break.
That it is pure and can see within him,
the pain he went through every day.

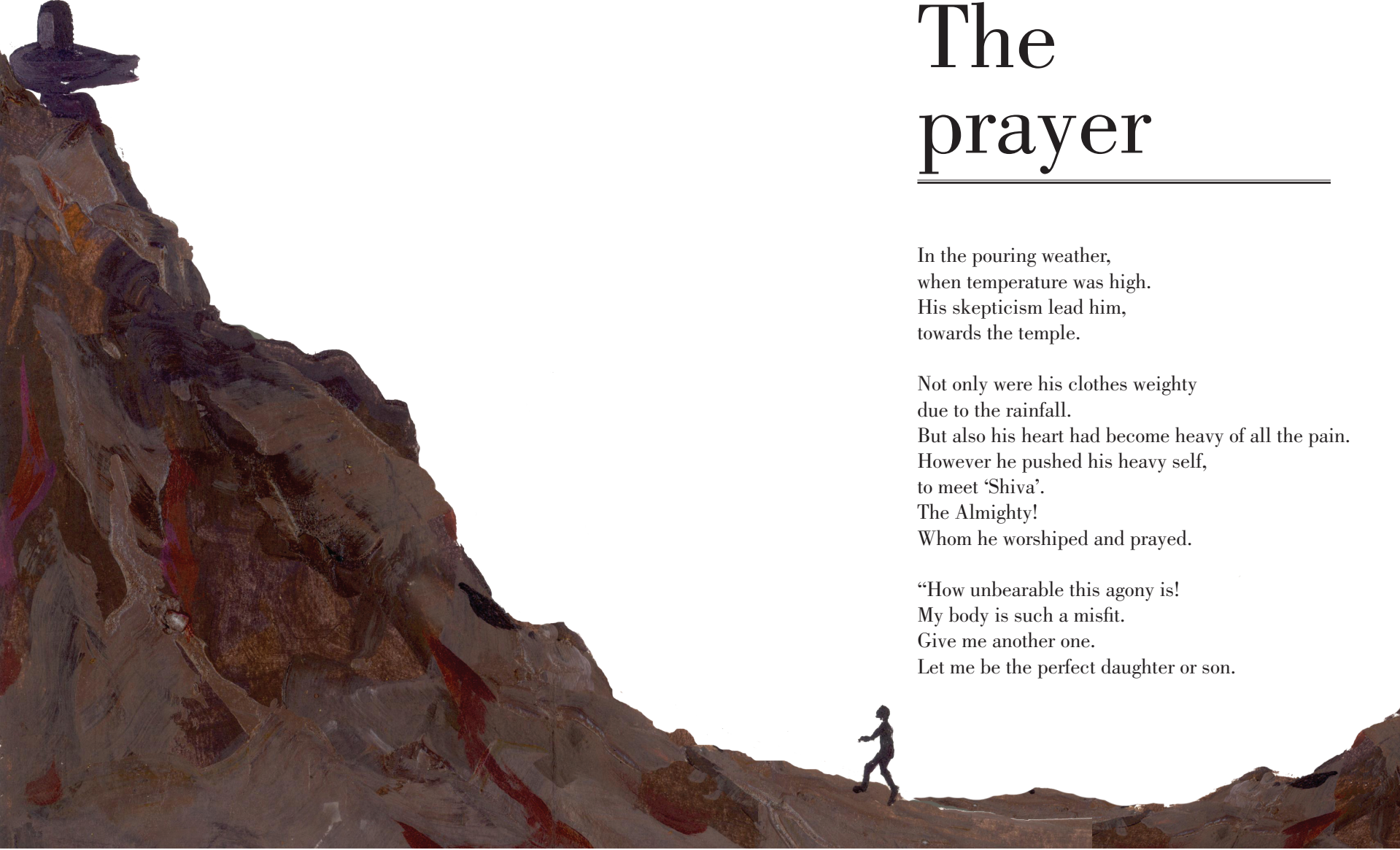


"I know you hide things most precious to you,
under the bed,
behind the table,
Because you fear
That it will not be accepted by elders here.
Is it true?" the mirror asked.

"Ohh mirror, More than the things i mask,
is my trueself which I hide.
You will never know, coz you are so unreal,
So fake,"
the boy cried.

"You hurt me more mirror"
The boy yelled loud in grief.
"For you are a big lie than anybody could be"
The tear which was paused for a while,
could not hold on more.
And flowed like a stream.

"You show me a body which is not mine.
Why don't you expose the one which lies inside.
Awaiting to be accepted,
identified,
Adored?
You are a fake mirror,
I know."•



The prayer

In the pouring weather,
when temperature was high.
His skepticism lead him,
towards the temple.

Not only were his clothes weighty
due to the rainfall.
But also his heart had become heavy of all the pain.
However he pushed his heavy self,
to meet 'Shiva'.
The Almighty!
Whom he worshiped and prayed.

"How unbearable this agony is!
My body is such a misfit.
Give me another one.
Let me be the perfect daughter or son.



Why have you offered
this unending agony to me oh lord!
Take away this body
as it gives me no bliss.
Only suffocation, pain, and tears
I am left with.
It's a big mistake, Take it away!
Streams of tears flowed down his cheeks as he spoke.

“Oh my child,
Why do you cry so hard?
You already have a perfect one!
Of all the others in the mankind,
You are the one who is my incarnation!
The Ardhanarishwara!
The balanced one!
Cause only when these two qualities happen in
balance within.
You become ecstatic!
You become supreme
The Infinite!”
Shiva blessed. •



Thanks, but no thanks !

Thanks for now we are not being beaten up,
But only ignored!
Thanks for being sensitive that we are not
a disease,
But only a mistake!
Thanks that we are not killed anymore,
But only thrown out of our own homes!
Thanks for not showing anger,
But only pity!
Thanks that we are not told to kill our true selves.
But only hide!
Thanks, for being so kind to us all the time,
But we do not want them!
Thanks, but no thanks! •



Like everyday

Like every day his hopes were high.
With a broad smile and dignity,
he leaves for work from home.
Every day he reminded his heart,
to stay brave as he begins his day.

Every day his ears were ready,
to hear the awful names for him.
Eyes saw the judgmental faces
And heart felt the discomfort.

Every day like a soldier at the border,
he shielded himself,
from the harsh words
Pitiful comments
As he will pass by the street.



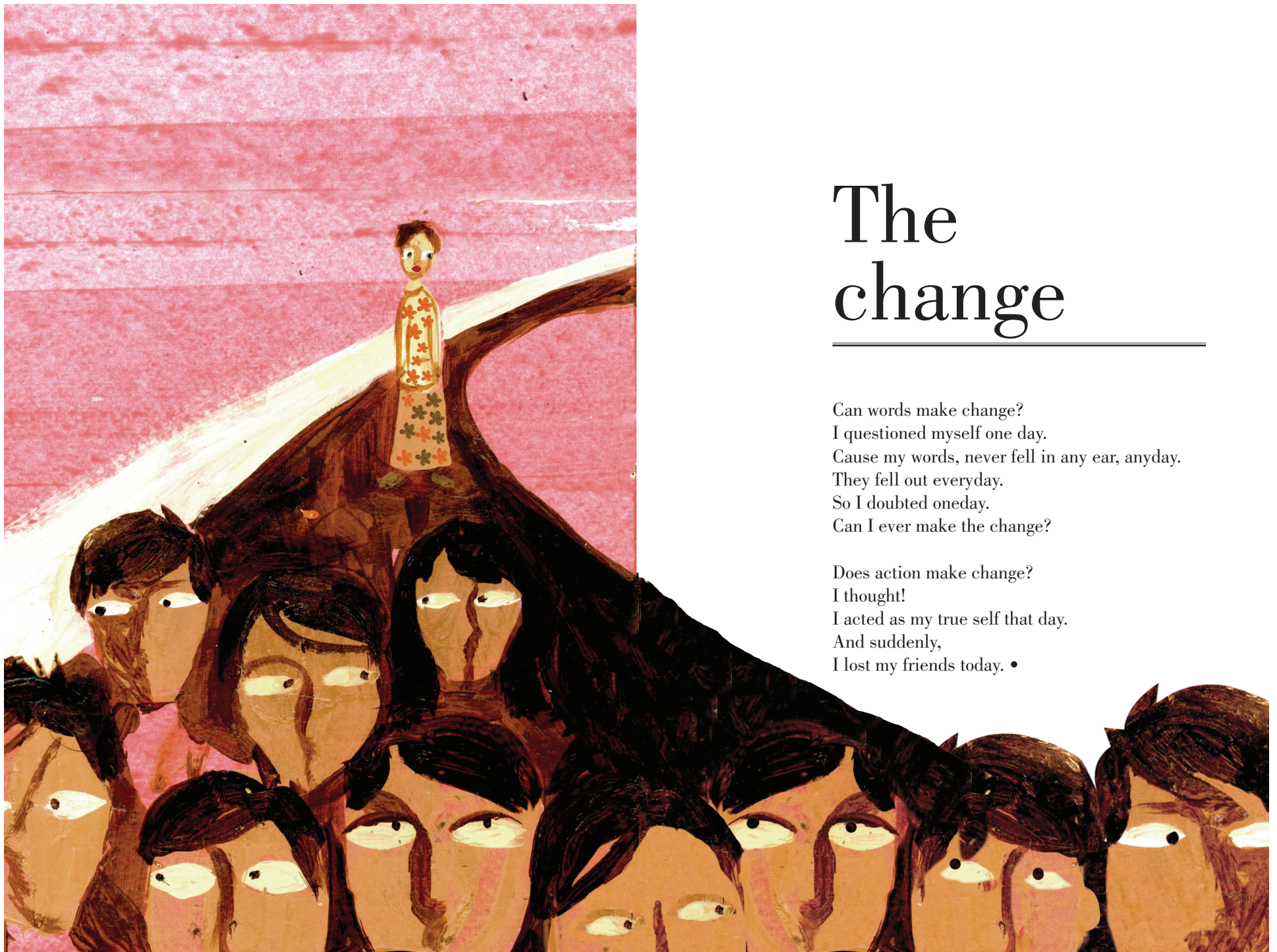
Every day his brave self prepares him to combat
the adversity coming from the streets.
And like every day, it happened the same way,
A word came from a teenage village boy.

“Ae Mamu”

Enough to trigger his peaceful mind,
to change itself to a fiery storm.
His hefty voice shouted out loud.
Like every day he stood up
And agitated in fury.
Like a hero he fought.
The teenage boy ran away,
until he disappeared.

Like every day he took a deep sigh
And walked further to work.
And as the dawn became dusk,
He started for his home,
Like every day he was welcomed
with unkind words and taunts.
The same picture repeated at home.

But his shield didn't work inside the four walls..
The courageous soul turned coward.
Heroism collapsed.
Heart shrunk and trembled with fear.
Like every other day, he finally went to his room
And cried. •



The change

Can words make change?
I questioned myself one day.
Cause my words, never fell in any ear, anyway.
They fell out everyday.
So I doubted oneday.
Can I ever make the change?

Does action make change?
I thought!
I acted as my true self that day.
And suddenly,
I lost my friends today. •



Fear will dissolve

As the moon rises in the sky at night,
Slowly taking away the bright light.
His terror and his fears too,
Turns up at night.

As the duskiness becomes darkness,
his fears become more heinous.
It is the reflection of the day's happenings.
Which transforms into terrifying thoughts at night.

It is a constant struggle
which he meets every night,
to survive against
the dreadful attacks of his troubled thoughts,
Which evoke signals of self harm.
To damage.
To wound.
To use the sharp edged knife,
to slit his wrist and throat.
It would give peace forever, it assures.



It reminds,
That the society rejects him.
That he is a shameful thing that happened to
mankind!
And so,
he is better of dead.
This battle he fights every night
Under his blanket with watery eyes.
But he knows, the tears will not weaken him
With the tears, would flow away his fright.

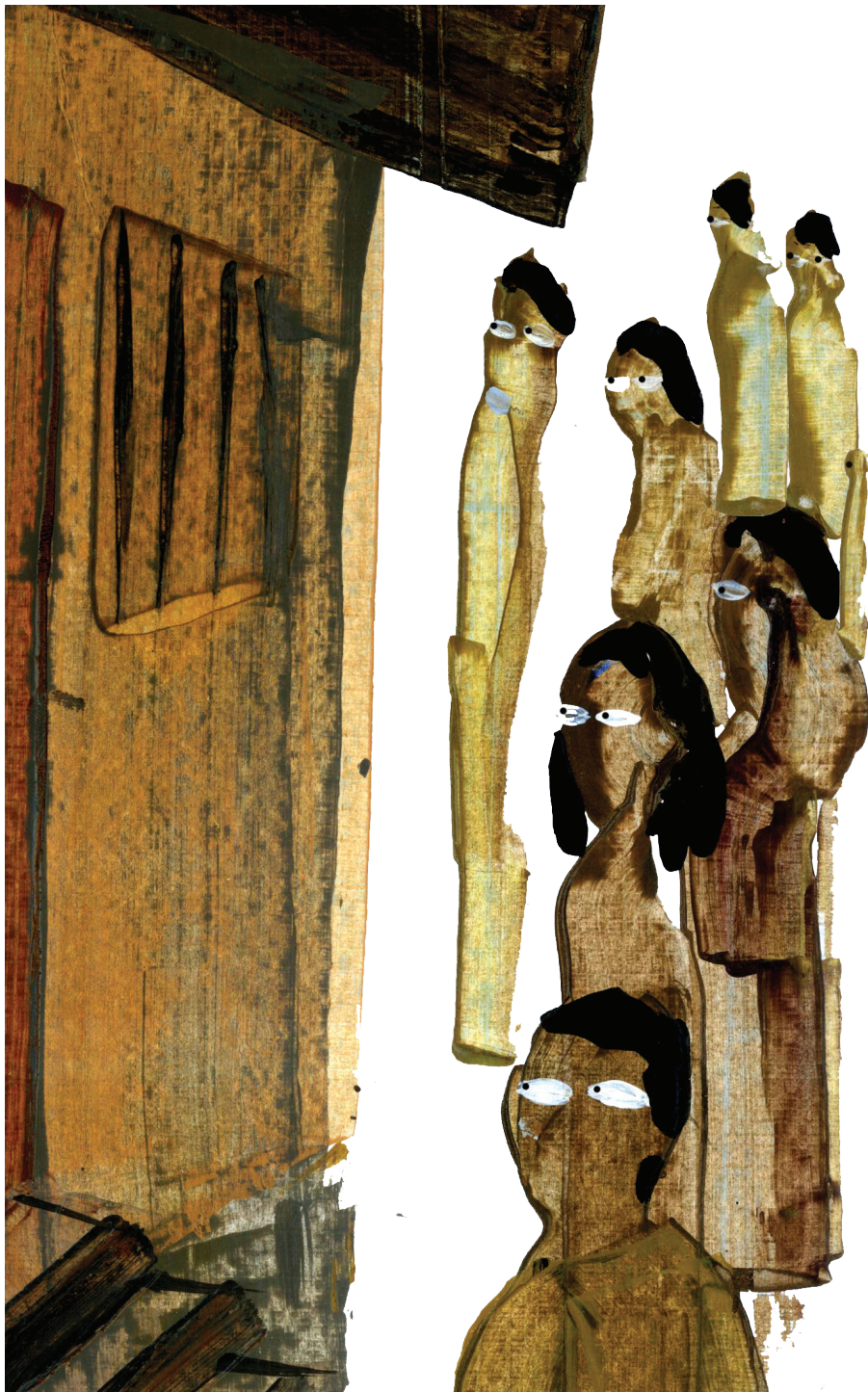
And beyond these dreadful thoughts,
lies a dream.
Which consoles.
which comforts.
Would set her free.
Where there's no judgement.
No restrictions.
No mental torture.
And she will be her true self.
A girl!
And the fear will dissolve. •





The Recognized one

They are magic
An incredible magic!
Who's words are so powerful
that it could change things,
Bless,
Or curse.
Who gets attention and
is the centre of attraction wherever it goes.
So lucky!
Who need not work or beg to get a penny.
But only need to show,
the face and the money will come.
So popular!
People call them on all the good days,
be it the birthdays, or weddings
So Lucky are they!
The Transgenders. •



Behind the wall

Night voices came from behind the door
Of his and her.
They fought every night, over something.
She said, she wants to be free.
Not anymore she wanted to hide,
Be a secret behind the wall.
Masked from the people.
The stereotypical minds.
Her heart had gathered all the courage
to face the world outside the walls.
But he was scared,
to show her to the world.
He loved her, like no other thing.
But doubted if the world will accept them together.
He tried hard to take her away from loneliness
Fulfill her dreams, far from anyone could see.
He would surprise her with gifts night after night.
That night they didn't fight.
He gifted her a saree
More than happy she was, on cloud nine.





She loved it and wore it.
Never did her eyes see herself more beautiful.
She put the bindi on her forehead.
Then gajra on her hair.
Then necklace, nose ring and anklet.
Her feet began to move,
Dance in her own rhythm of joy.
As if a free bird flew in the open sky.
When the door opened wide for the world.
It was him dancing in a saree.
Alone. •



Life of Lie

Like a banyan tree,
she bloomed to grow.
And spread her hands,
to reach the sky.
But soon her hands
were abducted from spread.
And an axe was struct,
to pause her growth.
They said they want,
a tall tree of coconut instead.
And the banyan should understand,
and change to that.
It was difficult for the banyan tree,
to transform her self to the coconut one.
Everytime when she tried to grow now,
her limbs were cut to match the coconut.
Years passed by,
the same thing repeated.
And the banyan tree lived a life of lie,
Of that of a coconut, with tears in her eye. •



The Letter

Dear family,

The time has come, for goodbye!
It's been really bad times spent with you all.
For the last 21 years,
I have been trying hard to dance on your song.
With all my efforts and knowledge.
But I personally like a different beat of dance.
On which I would like to tone up my moves,
My life.
This dance which you all make me do,
is not my cup of tea.
Unfortunately!
Nevermind,
A big thank you!
For all the ignorance,
The shame
The violence
The fear
The tears
I was bestowed upon.
As it has only made me strong and tough.



I fear, if I stay back,
your sin will grow because of me.
And you all will end up in hell,
which I don't want to see.
I pray you all get to see the beautiful heaven out there.
So I'd leave!

Love,
Your "SON" •



The Battle

His mind tried to form,
the words his heart stored for so long.
How and where to start?
The dilemma tore him apart
Years of struggle,
To bury feelings and desire.
Body and self in a tussle.
Who would win?
The self rose time and again.
He preferred, that body override.
But no matter how hard he tried.
The self had too much pride.
It refused to be nullified.
However, as he wished, one day,
The self broke down, gave away.
Raw judgements and derisive words
killed his innocent, inner bird.
For society, he transformed.
His wish came true
But inside, he shattered
And cried until he died. •



The Makeup Box

How much excited I was,
with the thought of seeing a makeup box.
My friend's aunt gifted her on her 16th birthday.
And here my heart was being restless,
as if a love couple was to meet after a decade.

I could'nt sleep the previous night
imagining that,
a thing which is close to my heart so much,
I will see it the next day.
The makeup box!

The last time we met, it was in the shop.
When mother showed it to sister.
Why did mother not ask me for that?
I begged, buy me that makeup box.
She refused, she laughed, we moved.



Instead she bought me a costlier pair of shoes.
When I already had an old one.
Why mother? Didn't you hear?
What is it that you really fear?

My heart would be still happier,
even if you did not buy me the makeup box.
But had just listened to me carefully,
and not casually.
Then I would have talked with you,
expressed myself,
more comfortably!
But your casualness scares me.
Don't be so casual with me mother!

And tomorrow I am going to meet the makeup box.
Don't hold me back.
As my eyes ask to show it to them.
And my heart says,
it wants to be joyous and happy!
May you listen to me mother.
I will take your permission tomorrow.
To allow me to meet the makeup box.
As now it strikes midnight and if you refuse now,
I will have an unpleasant sleep.
Or my sleep will go, far far away,
in search for comfort.
Let my mind have a beautiful dream tonight.
Of the blushes - Red, Pink and Purple...
May I dream of colors,
of the pink lipstick
on my lips. •



The Aimless Throw

“Hey mother, catch the pillow I am throwing.
For this is not a cushion,
It is my heart! he smiles”.
His mother misses the catch,
Smiles and goes away.

“I love you mother he whispered
But how to tell you the fact,
The heart which lies beneath this hug,
Is a girl’s heart!
My heart”.
he whispered to himself.

“Hey mother, catch the pillow I am throwing.
For this is not a cushion,
It is my heart! he smiles”
His mother misses the catch again and says
“Your throw was weak”, and goes away.



“For the lunch you made Kesar ki kheer!
As i love it, you know, so you made.
But you didn’t notice the love
I show for blushes and lipstick
the bangles
the rings”
The boy complains.

“Hey mother, catch the pillow I am throwing.
For this is not a cushion,
It is my heart! he smiles”
His mother misses the catch and says
“You lack focus, sweet heart and goes away”.

“Hey mother! he shouted back aloud,
You always lack the focus! you see.
You never have been careful of my heart”.
His mother laughed and went back to households.

“Why don’t you understand me mother!
Are you really careless towards my feelings?
How long will you be ignorant of me?
It’s very difficult to hide anymore,
What I feel,
what I am,
what I want to be!
Each moment I feel I waste my life.
By not being myself.
I feel scared.
Why don’t you understand on your own, mother.
That the pillow I throw, gets out of aim each time.
Not casually, but purposefully.”
He cried, silently. •



The Complaint

The human being has got the brain
and so he always breeds complaints.
From small to big.
From big to vast.
Be it from present
or be it be from past.

A farmer or a millionaire.
A child or a grey.
Each has their, little and big complaints.
They would shout, they would rise
Let it be of any size,
But they will complaint!



The farmer wants, to have a bigger farm.
The millionaire searches for peace and love for long.
The artist wished his painting to sell.
The boy to flaunt his new hair gel.
The couple wants the furniture out of the outside trees.
The little boy needs, bread jam and cheese.



It seems the world is full of complaints.
 Either of the want or the last month's pain.
 Whatever be the worry of all,
 each has its chance to solve.

I am sure if the farmer really wants,
 He can grow his land to meet the other end far.
 The millionaire can gain the eternal peace,
 if his ego and pride dissolve or decrease.
 Like the color, if the artist on his painting dwell,
 He becomes famous, and his paintings would sell
 The gel will come, the trees will shed.
 If you want something truly,
 Even the cheeze will appear on the bread.
 It is said, to reach to the goal,
 You need to work hard deep from the soul.

And amidst these different growl and groans.
 I hold a complaint of my own.
 So that my life can beautifully unfold.
 With a hope that it will also be heard and told. •



The Last Step

Her heart was beating fast
But footsteps were slow,
They barely moved
But they were moving,
towards the door.

Her ears wanted to hear
A few words of love.
That, we care!
We understand!
We are there!
Come back!
That could change not her brave mind,
but the direction of her footsteps.

And yes!
Her ears heard something from behind.
They heard silence.
Neither did she expect a hand to stop her.
Nor a hug to pause her.
But a soft whispering voice would also do.



Not the voice of her footsteps
Not her sobbing cry.
But the voice of her family,
Her mother.
To stop her from leaving home.
But nothing happened.
And the trust faded.

And before her last foot could step outside.
Her eyes asked,
to let her see the faces with whom she played,
she grew up,
she laughed.
For now only the eyes remained.
As the ears, heart, feet, mouth had already given up.
She turned her head and
Tried lifting her eyes, which were loaded of
the tears and fears
They had already left. •

